

Albany, Sunday morning, ^{Febry} Jan. 10.
1856.

Dear Wife:

187 You will wish to learn what was my luck in getting to this place yesterday. Well, I succeeded, and I failed — in this wise.

Leaving our depot in Boston at half past 8 o'clock, I found our friend Hovey in the car, on his way to Framingham, and told him whither I was journeying. Anxious to know what were the probabilities in the case, we consulted the conductor, who said confidently that the train would arrive seasonably at Albany. As the train was due at Albany at 5 o'clock, and the meeting was not to be held till half past 7 o'clock, (a margin for delay of two hours and a half,) I felt that all was safe; especially as the track appeared to be entirely unobstructed. We arrived at Springfield in very good time; but, alas and alack! we had to wait there one whole hour for the down train. Still, I was consoled to think there was an hour and a half left of leeway, in regard to the other half of the distance, and so possessed my soul in patience. At Pittsfield, we were detained half an hour! Still an hour extra left. At the State Line, we were detained an hour more — the down train getting off the track, and therefore being out of time. The remainder of the journey was slowly performed; and, 'to make the story short,' it was precisely 8 o'clock when I reached the door of our esteemed friend Lydia Mott. She had gone to the meeting, which I had given up in despair. — Immediately, my colored friend William H. Fopp came in and said he was just going up to dismiss the meeting,

and asked me to go with him, to let them see that I had actually arrived; but I was cold and exhausted, and begged him to excuse me. He did so, and I sat down, and put on my slippers, taking the matter as settled; but, in the course of fifteen minutes, he was on hand with a sleigh, and said the audience (a large one) filled the Representative Hall, and would not take no for an answer. So, I hurried on my shoes, and hurried to the meeting without any refreshment, and was warmly welcomed on my appearance. It was then half past 8 o'clock. I spoke for an hour, with no sign of uneasiness, and the most perfect attention. I spoke chiefly on the popular religion and the Colonization Society, but not at all to my satisfaction; for every thing was in a whirl with me. But the kindness and patience of the audience were wonderful.

To-night, Sunday, I am to lecture in a fine hall - the weather is pleasant - and I hope we shall have a good audience.

In the morning, I shall leave for Syracuse and Rochester.

More I cannot add, except that I am

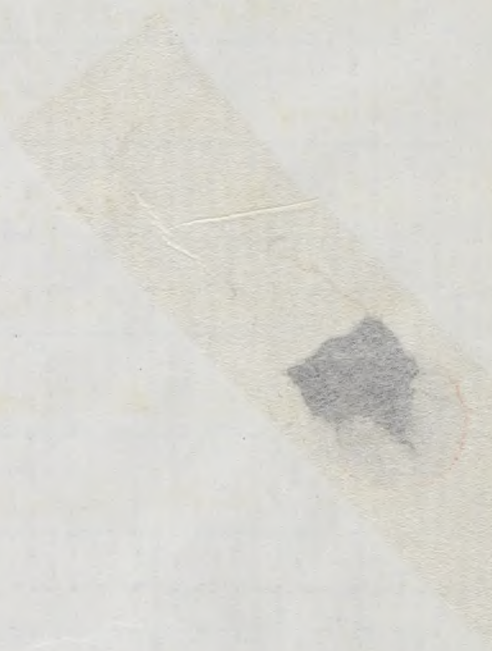
Ever your loving husband,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

H. E. G.

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Handwritten notes in a cursive script, possibly a ledger or list, organized in columns. The text is faint and difficult to decipher, but appears to include numbers and names. The notes are written on a piece of paper that is partially obscured by a larger sheet of paper.



Helen E. Garrison,
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